





This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the arrival in Kansas of the first mail coach from San Francisco in 1861. The trip was made in seventeen days and was considered a great feat in those days, only a little more than half a century ago. Now our fast trains make the tri- in three days,

The Wolves of New York Advice to the Lovelorn A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY

words with dry lips—"how terri-bly she will suffer when she knows! It was as if she foresaw evil! When I tell her"—He paused.

struck by another thought.
Should he tell her? What need was there of harassing her with

such a trouble? Why should she ever know? If nothing ever came out little notice would be taken by the newspapers of the suicide of an

East Side woman in a shop-stress

East Side woman in a shop—stress of work, penury, an absconded hus-band—it was not hard to find explanations for the deed. There would be an inquest, suicide by hanging would be the verdict, and all would be over. An attempt might be made to find the children, but the police certainly would have

but the police certainly would have

no grounds to search for them in

Fifth avenue.
"I won't tell Lilian"—such was
Guy's decision—"unless I am forced

to do so. I was to blame, and I'll spare her if I can. I'll fake up some stor yto satisfy her."

So he prepared to steal away, and was about to step into the shop when he was surpreed and horrified to hear a ringing of the bell. He had left the door alarhe remembered doing so and some one had pushed it open. He retreated precipitately into the room and closed the door behind him.

"Mrs. Meyer!" came a voice, ap-

arently from the street. It was ne hourse voice of a man. "Mrs. Meyer:" Receiving no an-

swer the newcomer repeated his call. "I see yer front door open, and thought I'd just tell yer about

A Compromising Position.

Guy had receded in alarm to the window. After all his planning, was he to be involved in this man-

ner? Far worse, too, to be sur-prise like this in the presence of

the hanging corpse than if he him-self had given the alarm. What could he say? How explain his

He heard footsteps in the shop, then, in his fear, and as usual, acting upon the spur of the mo-

ment, he threw up the window-

which had been but partially closed—and sprang out into the yard, lowering the window behind him with nervous fingers. Then he crouched down beneath the ledge.

afraid to move further lest he might be seen from the room "My God!" He heard the exclama-

tion quite clearly, and the next moment the door slammed. The

man had run out to give the alarm, evidently afraid to do anything on

Escape by the front was impos-

sible. Guy calculated his chances. If he attempted to pass that way he would probably run into the arms

of the neighbors, whom that man had evidently gone to fetch. And now escape he must; it would be fa-tal—absolutely fatal—to be found in

his present position.

The yard was square and surrounded by a low brick wall, which presented no obstacle for a fairly agile man. There appeared to be similar yards on either side and in front, and the house which faced his seemed destitute of windows on that side, a blank surface, Probably the house itself faced into another mean street. If he could only

other mean street. If he could only make his way around unobserved

all might yet be well, but it was a

hazardous task, and one to which Guy was not accustomed. He felt like a criminal, like a thief, as he crouched there beneath the window-

ledge. Yet even at that moment his

"I've never been in such a hole in my life," he muttered. "Heaven

knows what they'll take me for if

they catch me here." Then ap-preciating the element of tragedy, recollecting the ghastly figure of

the woman hanging from the ceiling

in the room above him, "My cursed folly," he continued, "I seem fated to bring trouble upon people."

Favored by the Elementa.

and discretion pointed out only one way of escape. Luckily for him, it was dark and foggy into the bar-

gain. He ran quickly, stooping low, across the yard-it was but a few paces and then, with the assist-ance of a disused hencoop, scaled

the wall and lowered himself on the other side. The yard in which he now found himself was as empty as

the one he had left. As he paused beneath the wall he was conscious

of sounds in Mrs. Meyer's house, and, peeping cautiously, he could see lights moving and the shadows of men. He was but just in time.

Somebody was on a chair cutting at the rope, and he heard the sound of

excited voices; he thought, too, that

he could make out the figure of a policeman. They would be too in-tent upon what they were doing to

but it was lucky that he had not forgotten to shut the window.

Suddenly it struck him-and the

thought was a solace—that he could

see very clearly into the room where the corpse had been hanging. There had been a light there all the

time, and, consequently, anyone coming into the yard where he now was must have seen that a tragedy

had occurred. No one had made the

discovery, therefore no one had been in the yard. It was evidently very little used, and he was compara-

tively safe from observation. What was he to do next? On

either side of him were yards simi-lar to the one he was in, all sub-

divided by low walls, or fences. On

one side there were but three, and then looming through the fog, he could make out the brick work of

a house—a house, too, in which lights were burning. That way was out of the question. In the other direction yard succeeded yard in an

apparently interminable vista. Here

and there a light glimmered across the mist, showing that the occu-pants of the house were still awake.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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think of looking out into the yard

But there was no time to be lost.

sense of humor did not desert him.

his own account.

his present position.

Are yer there, ma'am?

So he prepared to steal away,

Deprived of Her Husband and Her By Beatrice Fairfax. Children Mrs. Meyer Ends Her Unhappy Life.

Part One-(Continued)

He found his way at length, though Bot without difficulty. He recognized the house of which he was in search because it was higher than those which surrounded it. It showed no light in any window, but in this ff was not singular; the whole street was dark and deserted. The shutters of the shop were not

closed, and, peering through the win-dow, Guy thought he could distinguish a glimmer of light from the little room at the back. This premised well. Mrs. Meyer had evidently not gone to bod. Guy knocked on the door with his knuckles, for there was no bell or knocker. After waiting for a few moments and receiving no an-swer, he turned the handle; the door was not locked, and as he pushed it open the bell attached to it rang loudby. He paused once more, expecting to see Mrs. Meyer emerge from the back shop, but still all was silent in the house. Yet there was distinctly a light in the room; he could see it through the crack of the ill-fitting

He crossed the shop and again knocked, this time with some anxiety. The stillness in the house troubled him; he would sooner have heard the sound of the woman weeping for her

At last he threw open the door. A lamp was burning upon the table, but there was something between him and

the lamp.

A dark figure hung suspended from a nail in the low celling, its feet almost touching the floor, its face turned away from him.

Guy started back with sickly dread, for he knew that the figure was that of the mother.

CHAPTER CV.

Through the Window.

So Mrs. Meyer had killed herself, deprived of her husband and her children, overwhelmed by the lone-liness of her house! And he, Guy, was responsible, for was it not by his suggestion, his thoughtless folly that Lillian had carried off the children! He gulped and coughed with the sickening nausea that had seized him by the throat, and stretched out his hands, clutching at the door for support.

But there was no time to be lost. Perhaps she was not yet dead. He mastered himself with a violent effort, and glanced around the room In search of a knife with which to cut the rope, for he remembered that he had none in his pocket. There was one upon a slab at the further end of the room near the window. It was a large carving knife, and the thought occurred to him that perhaps she had meant to use it upon herself, but she had abandoned the knife in favor of the rope. To reach it he was obliged to pass the ghastly pendant figure, and, having done so, he could not avoid glancing at the face.

And then he was sure that she was dead—even that she had been hanging for some hours. The dis-torted position of the head indicated a broken neck, and the ap-pearance of the face-horrible be-yond expression—was not compati-ble with life. It was no case of suspended animation. Artificial respiration, however prolonged, would be of no avail. Guy paused the knife in his hand.

A Clue to the Crime.

On the floor of the hearth, and close to the hanging feet, lay some object which had evidently been thrown from the mantelpiece by the woman in the act of committing her foul deed. Guy stooped and picked it up. It was a small, com mon clock, and the hands pointed to a few minutes after 8. Al that hour the clock had stopped. So here was proof-undoubted proofof the time when the deed had been

Ten minutes past 8-and it was now going on for 11. It was an absolute impossibility that anything could be gained by immediately cut-ting down the corpsa. The knife dropped from Guy's hand.

No one had seen him enter the bouse; no one would see him if he left it quietly. To proclaim the suicide would involve him at once in a series of questions which he would have great difficulty in answering. And Isilian, too-it would be inevitable that the whole story of the abducted children must come out, and her position, indeed, would be an unenviable one. Possibly, too -very probable, in fact-the tails of Von Geldenstein's suicide would be taken up again, and the whole matter be carefully investi-

if he allowed himself to be involved. On the other hand, if he made his escape now it was hardly likely that either he or Lilian would be implicated. Mrs. Meyer could neither read nor write; it was not likely that she had made any state-She did not know Lilian, could not, therefore, have given any information to the neigh bors as to who had carried off he

In any case, to withdraw quietly

offered a possibility to escape from disastrous consequences. To remain meant the certainty of bring ing them about. Even as he had stolen away after the discovery of Zeldsmith's murdered body, so now also he prepared to follow the same

Thought is rapid in times stress and danger, and it took Guy but one or two minutes to come to his decision. Be it said for him that he was genuinely distressed that he was genuinely distressed at the shocking consequences of the thoughtless act which had seemed to him such a good joke in the aft on, but remorse was to come . At the moment action was necessary, and it was his main idea that he could best serve Lilian by leaving matters as they were. "Poor Lilian"—he muttered the

The Woman's Part. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen and employed as a stenographer with a large wholesale house. My salary is sighteen per week.

I am in love with a young man f twenty-four. At the time the war broke out he asked me if I cared if he enlisted, because I was born in Germany. I urged him to go, and he is in the navy. Since he is gone I have been putting ten dollars of my salary in the bank each week, as I live

at home and pay little board. I am trying to save until after the war. In hopes that I may some day have the happiness for which I have so long been hoping. My parents, however, object te my extreme saving and quietness. They say that I should go around with other young men and have good times.

B. I AM glad you are a loyal Ameri-

can. Where you were born doesn't matter-that is only an accident. But the country which is giving you the opportunity to earn so splendid a salary at your age, and which is educating and training you is the country you must naturally love. I think you are wise to save your money. When your sweetheart comes back, this money will give you a splendid start. If you must lose him in the tragedy of war, there would still have been no harm in your cultivating simple tastes and frugal habits. I don't think you ought to cut yourself off from all your companionship. But I do think that out of natural loyalty to your flance you would hardly want to go out with other men. In groups, with other girls along, I see no reason why you should not take a bit of relaxation if you find pleasure in going about on healthy, happy outdoor excur-

INTERESTING STORIES

A Valet Needed.

Members of a juvenile class were having a lesson in natural history and the teacher asked one small boy if he knew the difference between himself and a big brown bear. The child shook his head.

"Well," said the teacher, "for one thing you can take your cost off, but a bear cannot do that, can he?" "No," same the answer in a hesitating style.

"And why cannot a bear take his coat off?" she asked in an encour-The small boy pendered long and deply then a triumphant smile stole ever his face. "I know," he said, "because he doesn't know where the

Quite in Order.

"I want to get this check cashed." "Yes, madam; you must indorse it,

"Why, my husband sent it to mei He is away on business."
"Yes, madam; but just indorse it. Bign it on the back, please, and your usband will know that we paid it

The young lady went back to the desk and in a few minutes came back with the check indorsed, "Your oving wife, Sophia."

Knew the Method.

"Mother," said little Anthony, "did you tell father I wanted a new bi-

Yes, dear," said his mother, "I told him, but he said he couldn't afford to buy you one." "Of course, he'd say that! But

what did you do?"
"I told him how hadly you wanted it and argued in favor of it, but he refused. "Argued? Ah, mother, if It had been something you wanted yourself you'd have cried a little and then you'd have got it!"

COLD PACK METHOD IN 12 SHORT STEPS



The first step in casping by the single period cold pack method, after washing and grading, is paring and coring with a sharp knife, says the National War Garden Commission, Washington, D. C., which will send the readers of this paper a free canning book for a two-cent stamp to pay postage. Watch for No. 2.

Times readers may ootain copies of The Canuing and Drying Manual at any one of the 200 Times distrib-

Famous Husbands and Vives

Lou Tellegen and Geraldine Farrar Pre-eminent, One as Singer and the Other as an Actor.



ERHAPS there is no more known couple, both of whom are famous, than Lou Tellegen and Geraldine Farrar. The husband is one of the most polished actors on the stage to-day and the wife is one of our greatest prima donnas. And it is worth noting that each takes the greatest interest in the career of the other, which proves that a man and a woman may be happily married and still use their talents in their particular fields.

When the Children Travel HOW TO MAKE ATTRACTIVE CLOTHES FOR THEM

you go traveling this Summer + for a few days and you bring the youngsters along, be sure that you provide suitable traveling clothes for them. Much trouble and annoyance can be saved both to mother and children if a little planning is done before choosing clothes for the little ones. Garments that are not only comfortable, but ones that will keep fresh until the journey's end, are required. Mothers can make these at home and save a nice little sum.

A neat traveling coat for a child of four years was recently fashloned of silk pongee in a dark blue color. It was a very simple model, cut in one piece and featured big patch pockets in front. It was a double-breasted coat and cut quite loose, so that a sweater could be worn underneath on cool days. This plain tailored coat would be suitable for either boy or girl and would not Rompers are best to wear under the coat. Chambray, linene, cotton repp and crepe are all suitable to choose. The dark colors are more practical for traveling, such as gray, navy blue, green, old blue and tan An excellent model for small children shows the lower portion of the rompers, buttoned in a semicircle from knee to knee

No collar or cuffs are used as they are more liable to get wrinkled, so a round, flat neck is finished with a narrow bias fold. A belt, buttoning in front completes these little slip or rompers. No opening down the back is necessary, since the lower part is left with buttons and buttenboles. Two or three pairs of these rompers will be needed, if

Little girls who do not fancy compers, might be clothed in a simple dark traveling frock. pretty little model that is cool and comfortable might be made from a dark blue creps de chine or cotton

Canning Fruit Juices

By Laura Buffum. (Domestic Science Expert of the Na-

tional War arden Comcission.) HE preparation of quantities of fruit jellies in these days is neither helpful toward food eonservation or economical. Sugar is expensive, but even if we can

buy it without inconveneience, it is one of the things needed for shipment to our Allies.

The alternative offered instead of jelly making is to can fruit juices. Juice from grapes, currants, cher-

Julce from grapes, currants, cherries, blackberries, raspberries,
strawberriea, plums and apples
makes delicious beverages.
These may be put up with a small
quantity of sugar or with none.
Sound, clean fruit should be reated until soft (over hot water, a
double buller device is safest).
Strain through a har suggestion the Strain through a bag, squeezing the bag, or use a fruit press. Inexpen-sive ones for household use may be obtained and thy are a great con-

Pour the hot juige at once into

sterilized bottles-one level cupful of sugar into each gallong of juice may first be added if desired.

Fill the bottles to within one inch of the top and seal loosely with new corks, soaked one-balf hour in warm soda waser (one teashoofful soda to a quart of water), and dipped nto clear boiling water just

before using.

Place in simmering hot water bath and pasteurize in this for thirty minutes. The water should come to within an inch of the top of the bottles. Remove and press corks in tight. With a sharp knife cut off each cork even with the top, placing the neck of bottle on edge of table.

When each dip each top of bottle into melted paraffin or sealing was into meited paraffin or sealing wat.

Kqual parts resin and beswax
melted together make good wax.

Melt over hot water. Store in a
cool, dark place. The Commission
will gladly answer any questions
written on one side of the paper
and sent in a self-addressed
stamped envelope. steam it for 15 minutes. Serve it

Economiaal Recipes

COTTAGE CHEESE To make cottage cheese, he milk

should be thoroughly clabbered or coagulated. Set the pan of clabbered milk in a pan of hot water and heat it slowly until the curd separates from the whey, being careful not to let it get too hot which will make the curd tough. The best temperature is between 91 and 94 degrees F. When the curd is entirely separated, turn it into a strainer lined with a piece of cheesecloth wrung out of hot water. Let it drain, and save the whey to use in cooking. Turn the eurd into a bowl, crush it with a fork, and add sait and other seasonthg as desired.

COTTAGE CHEESE LOAF. One cup cooked kidney beans (other beans may be substituted), 1 cup cottage cheese, 1 cup ground peanuts, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, I tablespoon butter, I cup strained tomato juice, I cup broad

crumbs, sait, pepper.
Combine the ingredients and form the mixture into a roll. Brush i over with melted fat and bake it in a moderate oven for 25 or 30 min-utes. Serve it with a medium thick white sauce to which may be added two tablespoons of minced sweet red pepper.

WHEY TAPIOCA PUDDING. % cup taploca. 1 cup cold whey, 1 cup boiling whey, % cup honey or maple syrup, 1 teaspoon salt,

Soak the taploca for I hour in the Soak the taploca for 1 hour in the cold whey. Pour over this the boiling whey, and cook the mixture until it is clear. Add the sweetening, salt and flavoring. Make a meringue, using:

'4 tenspoon gelatin, I tablespoon cold water, I egg white, 2 tablespoons maple syrup.

Soak the gelatin in the cold water and dissolve it by setting the dish in a pan of boiling water. Add the syrup to the stiffly beaten white,

syrup to the stiffly beaten white. and gradually add the gelatin. Beat the mixture well, and place it by speenfuls on the top of the pudding. Cover the pudding and

A BIG FIELD IN WAR ACTIVITIES.

How Women Can Help

Some Instances of Patriotic Workers Who Are Doing Wonders for Their Country

By Loretto C. Lynch. + TOW I wish I could help the Red Cross," said a woman But I can't get away from home to help any of the war charities. My baby certainly has tied me

There are lots of women who, for various reasons, cannot leave home even for a couple of hours a day and yet they can help. And I venture to say that if every woman in our land who is a stay-athome, made just a little effort to help, another million dollars would be turned over to the various war charities.

For instance, one woman who has a baby, notified her friends that she would take care of their babies for 25 cents a day apiece, the proceeds to go to the Red Cross, Her motherliness was her biggest asset and this she capitalized. She had to "fuse" for her own baby and it was very little extra trouble to fix a little milk or milk and bread for another baby or two.

The first month, she turned in

Puss in Boots

An Entertaining Good - Night Series for Young and Old By David Cory.

HATS the matter?" asked the giant when the little Blue Bird awoke him, as I mentioned in the story before

"The crafty stepfather of the Princess is coming." answered the BlueBird. "Then it's all up with me," cried the giant, "for he'll change me again into a pine tree!" but the Blue Bird did not wait to reply, but hastened to find Ned. On entering his bedroom through the half open window, she found him already dressing.

"Take the ring," he said, slipping it aver her glossy neck, after she had told him the news. "If you can manage to touch him with it, this wicked man will find that he has no power whatever to harm us."

"I will make haste," replied the little bird, "for by this time they must have reached the drawbridge." Then she flew swiftly away and reached the other side of the most just as the horsemen set foot upon the bridge. Awaiting stepfather of the princess with the magic ring, she alighted quietly on the tip of a spear which one of the horsemen carried. As they neared the centre of the drawbridge the cruel stepfather, as if suddenly aware of an unseen power, exelaimed. I feel there is danger near."

Upon which the spearman shook his spear defiantly, but in so doing so startled the little bluebird that she nearly lost ner footing, and, alas! which was much more serious, caused her to loosen her hold upon the magic gold ring, which alipped from her bill and fell into the waters of the most

Like a falling star it shivered and glimmered in the rays of the moon, attracting the attention of a speckled trout, who opened his mouth and swallowed it as it splanhed upon the silver surface of the water. "Thy spear has done me good ser-

vice in times gone by," exclaimed the wicked king, not knowing at that very moment it had done him a better turn.

Then the wicked retainers inside the castle opened the gates and allowed the king to enter the courtyard. Puss looked down from his window and wondered what had become of the blue bird, and the giant, on hearing the gates open, quickly drew in his feet and struggled to get his shoes on as Puss Opened the door.

"It's all up!" said the big fellow, with a wry face and a catch in his gruff voice. "I can feel already the pine needles beginning to stick eut all over me!"

"Oh, that's goose flesh, you're so frightened," replied Puss, smiling in spile of the danger. "It may not be as bad as you think." Just then a great pounding came at the front doors. "Who has locked the doors?" shouted the king. And in the next story you shall hear what that wicked king did to Puss

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Lacked Persistence.

A city man asked an octogenarian and keep out in the fresh air," was the reply. "But my father ob-served all those rules, and he died at sixty" "Yes, but he did not observe 'em long enough,"

825 and that without even leaving

Another woman over eighty, u able to new because of her poor eyesight, felt that she too, might help. So beginning in the Spring and ending in the Fall with jellies, jams, pickles and preserves, she kept earning money. Each time she put up some goody for the Winter for her own large family, she made half a dozen or more jars of it to sell. Sometimes her granddaughter took it to the place inwhich she worked, Sometimes the preserve was raffled and sometimes

it was sold outright. Sometimes a busy neighborbought it, During the Summer months this patriotic old lady, although she was a stay-at-home. turned in fifty dollars to a society that sends bandages to the wounded "over there." On a recent winit to New England, I saw an example of patriotism so typical of New

England. A woman of fifty had been a ing quite regularly for the Red Cross at their workrooms. On her way home one day, she met with an accident in which she broke an arm and a leg. The prospect of a long period of confinement made her sad because she know it would be months before she could go to the Red Cross workrooms again. sourcefulnous, she decided that sourcefulness, she decided that if she could at least earn money to provide materials for others to see

bury Tarts! Whose mouth does not water at the prospect of those dolicious English goodles! She experimented until she produced a Banbury Tart from wheal substitutes. She sold them for ten cents each. They cost five. The profits, after the cost of the materi-

She got out her grandmother's cosh

book. She had a wheel chair and

the use of one of her hands. Bus-

al was subtracted, went to the Red Cross. And the same woman, made New England Clam Chowder on certain days. And every sailor boy and every soldier boy in that town hopes that next time he will be able to get a seat at that table on her back porch so that he may tell the folks back West that he tasted

the "real" thing. Another woman who found her girlhood house surrounded by office buildings, made quite a comfortable sum for a pet war charity in a novel way. She was confined to her home for many weeks. To the near by offices she sent little cards. "Let me mend your silk stock-ings. I live right fiext door, Pro-ceeds to the Women's Overseas Hospital."

"I charged ten cents for each sock or stocking mended," she told me. "The girls put them in a large envelope which I provided. On a they wrote name, office number and so on. Sometimes they called and so metimes they called and sometimes I hired a boy to collect and deliver. When a girl pays a dollar and a half for a pair of silk stockings she considers it money well apent when she pays me ten se twenty cents to neatly darn the hole that just begun. And the men were just as anxious to send me their socks."

So you see there are lots of ways that a woman with a will to help, can help, even if she is a shut-in or a needs-must-stay-at home.

A Kindly Thought.

A young minister was preaching his this sermon in a village chapel. He was expatiating on theological subjects and was very positive, re-peating several times, "I am correct. though all the commentators dis-agree with me." That evening, just as the service was about to commence, an old lady entered the door and walked straight to the front and, looking up into the young minister's face as she handed him a market basket carefully covered,

said:
"Brother, I heard you say this morning that all common taters dis-agree with you. I have brought you a basket of our very best, which I hope you can eat!"

A Weird Awakener.

A new lodger had arrived at Mrs. Jenkins's, and, like the majority of his fellow boarders, he had to be early astir. The next morning he stumbled over a tin bath on the top stair. Lodger and bath rolled with a frightened claster down the stair. a frightened clatter down the stairs and as the man picked himself up he heard a drowsy "All right!" from one of the other residents of the house. The victim of the accident complained of the carelessness of the individual who had put the bath on the stairs, and was astonished to hear his landlady chuckle. "That was Mr. Crank." she explained gonially. "E's such a 'eavy sleeper that only a noise like somebody falling downstairs can wake 'im.
That's what 'e calls'is alarm clock!"

Terrible Deprivation.

"Ah." said an old sea captain,
"when I was shipwrecked in South
America I came across a tribe of
wild women—horribly wild. They
had no tongues!" "Good gracious?"
exclaimed a listener. "How could
they talk?" "They couldn't," was
the reply. "That was what made
them so wild!"